

Iyumon's Story

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Author's Note:

After writing about the 'Origins of Kimika Inoue', I was thinking, why not talk about her Digimon's life? I bet some of you are still curious about how did Iyumon become evil and worked with Myotismon. How did Iyumon met up with Kim? I had read some fanfics about the Digimon before they met up with the Digidestined. Why not? If you would like to know, please sit and listen to Iyumon's story. The fanfic happened in 'flashbacks' as she remembered occasionally. The fanfic is supposed to be vague, for Iyumon couldn't really remember very much about her past life, like Gatomon.

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Curling into a protected ball, the small Digimon screened herself in what left over of the darkness cast by a boulder. She was fortunate, which was very rare for her. She was very lucky to find this boulder that was set among a mountain range. The space between the boulder and another were just small enough for her to squeeze inside. Soon, she could hear rumblings coming from her far left, very faint, but growing louder by the minute. She didn't believe in any divine spirits, but she found herself praying that someone will watch over her and hopeful that those rusted, barely-functioning machines couldn't find her.

She flinched at the pain that throbbed in her side. She had a deep gash, her reward from fooling with that robot. She could feel the warm blood trickling from the wound on her dark violet fur. At least,

it wasn't the life blood. She would be okay in several days. If she had the time to heal. She reached over to lick the blood from her fur. She wished she didn't do it, but she was frightened that someone would smell the blood, someone like a predator. She hurriedly licked all the blood, nearly squelching at the strongly salty taste.

Her keen hearing perked at the sudden stomp from near - very near. She froze in fear, slowly turning to watch the small opening. The opening showed only the ground, but at least, it was well-hidden from the outside. She almost didn't see it before. Her deep ruby eyes were unblinking as they scanned the limited vision.

As sudden as it appeared, a huge silvery metallic cylinder stomped right in the vision, shaking the boulder. She had a panicking thought that the boulder would collapse on her before she angrily pushed it away from her mind. Her instincts were at their highest. If there was a way to escape, she would take it. But one thing she didn't understand. Why did those robots bother to search for a small lizard that was nothing but a gnat?!

Her mind literally paused during its thoughts when the boulder vanished in mid air, exposing her to the blinding sunlight. She didn't have the time to escape before a jumbo, icy-cold hand grabbed on her tail, raising her upside-down.

"Hey, I found an Iyumon!" That followed by a cold, booming laugh.

In her reversed sight, she saw a Mekanorimon, his hand holding her tail, his one black eye menacingly laughing at her. The top shield was bright blue, blinding in the sunlight. She felt her temper beginning to boil, and she fiercely clawed on the metal hand with her black talons, making nothing but white streaks on the metal.

"Let me go, you nothing for good gizmo!" she shrieked, her voice straining to sound severe.

The other hand flew so quick that she didn't see it coming toward her. The hand slapped her on her face, bursting heavy dizziness and pain that she wondered why she didn't pass out from the agony. She gasped for breath, her body going limp, losing the feeling in her legs.

"Quiet, you snake." The Mekanorimon then turned to his fellows, who were near, grinning at the poor Digimon with stupidity. The leader was the only one who had enough intelligence to follow instructions. The Mekanorimon gestured sharply, and the other Mekanorimon robots turned as one, and began to march in a perfect line like they were in a war.

She tried to call on her attack through the dizziness. She was afraid she couldn't summon it, but she was successful. She managed to mumble out the words that bring in the attack. "Rainbow . . . Disc . . ."

The Mekanorimon made an angered yell as the sharp discs of colored light invaded him, attacking him from all sides. He dropped her during the attack, and she managed to land on her feet, although light-headed. She dashed across thick and huge rocks, her legs too short to carry her over long distances. She was skilled at moving quick enough, although, and through the black stars, she searched for

a hiding place from the Mekanorimon.

Suddenly, the world blew up.

At least, she thought so. Something in front of her - too close - exploded by a bomb or something like that. The force jammed her up in the air. She had a sudden sensation that she was flying, then she was falling. Fortunately for her, the fall wasn't deep, and she crashed into rocks, her body stiffening at the unpleasant pain.

She groaned out loud, and then she heard running sounds coming closer at an alarming rate. She weakly gazed up to see the blazing black eye, which was laughing, before blackness swallowed her whole, the pain gone

The sudden pain woke her, but barely to consciousness. She was floating in the darkness, but her senses were sharp. Her awareness was always sharp, even in bare consciousness. She sensed that she was in a cool area. Tasting the air, she assumed that she was in a dark place. Underground. The air tasted like death. She could feel the pain throbbing in her side, and she realized that it was coming from her gash. The blood had stopped, but she worried that the gash might be infected.

"You are not fooling anybody with the unconscious trick. I know you are awake, Iyumon."

The name. The voice. Both were too dreadful to face. She hated her name. She hated the voice, too. The voice seemed to come from near, but above, as if the voice belonged to someone tall, standing near. She dared to open her red eyes, meeting an odd dimness. She raised her head, and then froze as a shot of dizziness came in her head. She shook her head, waiting until it was gone. She turned to the voice, and suddenly, her defense went in action, her lips pulling back to bare her small white fangs at the figure.

She recognized him immediately. You would be dead if you never hear of him. Through her travels, she often heard whispers of a horrendous Digimon that seeks to take rule of the Digiworld. Myotismon. The name was whispered with fearful shudders. The figure was cloaked in darkness, but she could see the ice-blue eyes staring down to her from the darkness. His face was deathly pale, as if he wasn't exposed to the sun. A cold, emotionless sneer was on thin lips, introducing two smooth, sharp fangs from inside.

"Greetings, Little Iyumon," the voice whispered, so soft and yet cold like the darkness.

Iyumon growled faintly in her throat, sneaking back, her tail curled close to her. "What do you want with me?"

Myotismon knelt to the ground, and his cold eyes met her ruby eyes. "You will find out soon, Iyumon."

Iyumon's growl grew threatening. "You stay away from me, you vampire, or you will find my teeth on your neck."

Myotismon chuckled, and Iyumon couldn't hold back a sudden shiver

from the chuckle. "Ah, I think I found a valuable servant. You are special, you know that?"

Iyumon kept on sneaking back until she met up with a moss-covered rock wall. She cowered, her head low, her eyes glowing with danger. "I am worthless."

Myotismon held up a finger, and shook it mockingly, as if he was scolding her. "I don't really think so. You are very rare, and very powerful. That's why you are chosen to serve me as a personal slave. You are lucky."

All her life, she wasn't lucky. She was alone all her life. She had no friends at all. She was found alone, believed to be the last survivor of her race, or even worse, an outcast. All she knew about herself and her race was that her name was Iyumon. She didn't bother to search for the rest of her race. Why should she? Iyumon narrowed her eyes at the dark figure, but didn't tend to attack him. It would be really foolish, but she didn't understand why he bothered with her, an outcast.

Myotismon stood up, once again wrapped in his cloak of darkness. "You need to see to your wound. I refuse to let my slave die of a small wound. Tend to your wound, and then see me in my chamber." Then, suddenly, he disappeared in the darkness. She blinked, unsure if he was still there or not.

Then she whirled to the sound of a door opening, a door she didn't notice until now. She saw two Digimon that she recognized as Bakemon, one carrying bandages, the other carrying a bowl of water. They left them, and went out without even taking a glance at her. She was used to it, but she was still unsure about the things. Myotismon was known for torturing Digimon in the most awful ways, but being kind? Impossible. Yet, the pain was annoying her, and she went to the bowl of water. The water was dirty, of course, but at least it was water. First, she took a deep drink, recoiling at the metallic taste, and then used it to wash her gash. Then she took the bandages and carefully wrapped them around her flank, closing the wound. After she was done, she wondered how could she leave this place to Myotismon's chamber, then the Bakemon appeared, taking the bowls and excess cloths.

The third Bakemon drifted in front of her and spoke in a ghastly, airy voice, "Follow me." Iyumon walked behind the ghost through a wide hall, her eyes darting around for an escape. Suddenly, the Bakemon spoke, "Don't even think about leaving this castle. It's designed to prevent escape. You will get lost here forever."

Curse that Myotismon! That Digimon think of everything! Iyumon silently seethed as she trailed after the ghost. She never thought of joining Myotismon's army, but then she had no life, wandering aimlessly, without a goal to fulfill her life. She decided to see what this life would suit to her, and if she didn't like it, she can leave. One problem, though. Myotismon would see to it that she will be his slave. Forever.

Iyumon stopped at a long, high stairway that seemed to stand as a wall. It was wide, fancy, yet made of thick, grey rocks. Iyumon turned to the Bakemon - only to find it gone. Wildly looking around, she found herself alone in the dimness. She scowled, and then gazed

upward to the stairway. She took a deep inhale, and began to climb the stairway to begin her new life.

"Bomb Blaze!"

A sphere of bright orange-white light emitted from her mouth and crashed into the ground, bursting out rocks and dirt to rain upon the vulnerable victims. There was a battle, and Rianmon was leading. Myotismon had ordered her and her troops to invade a swamp to add to his ruling lands. The swamp was infested with useless Gekomon and Otamamon, and Myotismon sought to get rid of them. The invasion was successful, and the useless Digimon ran away in fear. With ease, Rianmon destroyed countless Digimon who dared to face her and her troops.

"Attack!" Rianmon bellowed, and her troops of Gazimon rushed forward to attack. Rianmon stayed back, a dark sneer on her lips, enjoying the sight of the battle and the yells of death. Two years. Two years after she gave herself up to Myotismon, and she rapidly rose to high ranks, trusted only by Myotismon. She acted as his personal guard and second-in-command. She found this war very pleasant, and always sought to satisfy her master, no matter at what cost. From day one, Myotismon fiercely trained her day and night, until she couldn't handle another attack of the deadly whip. Yet, she digivolved into Rianmon, more powerful than before in a few months. Myotismon was very pleased with her, and she obeyed his every command without hesitation.

She was the only one beside Myotismon who can keep the reckless, yet intelligent Gazimon under her control. The Gazimon were fiercely loyal to her, and she treated them as good. They did good, clearing up the swamp and chasing away the Gekomon and Otamamon for their sadistic fun.

Suddenly, a force assaulted her from behind, the heat gnawing on her back. She made a brutal howl, and then whirled around at whoever dared to cast this foolish attack at her. She saw a dark grey Digimon floating in the air, the appearance of a flying snake. He had wide, feathery wings that were spread gracefully. His scales were feathery, yet they had the metallic look of silver. He had two arms, muscular and thick, ended up with wide, black talons. A blue mask covered his head, his deep red eyes gazing at her with deep wildness.

"Melidamon," Rianmon hissed the name with hatred. "What are you doing here?"

"To stop you. Again."

Rianmon made a hateful laugh. "You fool. You are lucky to escape my anger last time. I presume you that you will not escape me again."

Melidamon narrowed his eyes, saying with the light voice, "Leave the swamp. You have no right to invade it, Rianmon."

She may be a champion facing an ultimate, but she was powerful, thanks to the fierce training of her master. Rianmon had fought

Melidamon before, and the battle was long and vicious. They barely escaped with nearly mortal injuries. Rianmon won't give up, seeking to destroy that vain snake. Now, that snake was back, and she could see the hungry look in his eyes, wanting to destroy her, too. Rianmon just smiled darkly and sat down, her golden eyes gazing unblinkingly at him.

"I will invade this place for my master, no matter what or who would stop me. Which I seriously doubt. You will be deleted today. Dare to fight me again, Melidamon?"

Melidamon hissed angrily, and roared, "Storm Haze!" His wings widened and sudden gales of black mist whistled from the wings, whistling through the air, summoning a storm. Rianmon sat unmoving, the dark smile still on her lips as her Gazimon ran for shelter, watching their leader with eagerness. Melidamon commanded the Storm Haze to attack the purple dragon.

Rianmon, digivolve into . . . Nightrianmon!

Melidamon gasped in shocked disbelief as an aura of deep golden surrounded his rival out of nowhere. He could see the process taking place, and soon, a smaller Digimon stood in place where the dragon was sitting. It was a human-like Digimon in a starry cloak, clad in a dark violet uniform, her wide bat-like wings spreading. Her golden eyes, unlike Rianmon's eyes, were more aware, and yet more evil.

She called on her attack, and a silver glow surrounded her. The Storm Haze had no power to break through the thick glow. It abruptly disappeared. The Digimon, Nightrianmon, soared up in the air, and widened her wings, her lips twisting into a sadistic grin.

'Twilight Moons!' Her wings thrust forward, drawing two forces in midair. The forces formed into two moons the color of twilight purple and blue, spinning horizontally toward the snake.

Melidamon acted quickly, soaring up, and the moons passed harmlessly. Melidamon turned to Nightrianmon with an amused chuckle, then lost it, his eyes widening in alarm. Many stars, sparkling menacingly, spun wildly toward, and attacked him, their points so sharp that they sliced through his feathery scales. He howled in pain, but he had no time to attack. He disappeared into particles, then to nothing.

Nightrianmon floated to the ground as the Gazimon praised her, dashing toward her. She was awed at her new body and new attacks. Hmm, her master would be proud of her.

Myotismon was very proud of her when she came back. Of course, he was first suspicious at her new body, which meant more power. But when she again swore her undying loyalty to him, he sneered and accepted her again. Myotismon found her so valuable that he approved her as an equal partner, with one condition. She will rule only and if he said so. Nightrianmon again accepted it, preferring to be under his control.

Nightrianmon somehow appeared alike to Myotismon. Whenever she came in a room, the Digimon nearly jumped in attention, thought she was Myotismon in person. When they noticed that they were wrong, they still stood in attention, slightly confused about how came she seemed so alike to the vampire. Myotismon found it interestingly amused, and began to call her 'Sister.' After a while, she began to call him back as 'Brother.' For the first time in her life, Nightrianmon felt belonged.

Nightrianmon silently opened the door to her master's chamber and stepped in. Her high-heeled golden boots clicked against the stone as she moved closer, then stopped, her cloak sweeping around her legs. Myotismon was facing outside, standing in the balcony. She could see his cloak swaying by a breeze. She stood in silence, knowing better than disturbing him in his thoughts, but she was curious when a Bakemon came in her personal chamber and said that Myotismon requested for her immediately.

"Come closer, Nightrianmon," came the cold voice with a hint of devotion that he only possessed for her. Nightrianmon walked across the chamber and stopped just before the open doors. She bowed, knowing that even he wasn't facing her; he always knew she was there. If she didn't bow, he will punish her. That happened only once. She learned fast.

'You call for me, Master and Brother?' she said through mind as usual.

Myotismon stood for a moment, and then turned to face her. His ice-blue eyes always shivered her, but she learned to control the shivers. He then spoke, "I have a duty for you, Sister. This duty is very important to be terminated, so I entrust this to you. I expect you to end this quickly."

Nightrianmon bowed again and said, _'May I ask what is this duty?_'

Myotismon moved closer, staring down to her. She reached up to his forehead, and yet his power eclipsed her own power. "I received a report from one of the Dark Masters, Piedmon, that he and his army trespassed The Rebels' Hideout and seized the crests that we heard of."

Nightrianmon nodded, waiting patiently for more reports. There were rumors of a rebellion that sought to end Myotismon's sovereignty. They were so foolish. They performed something that involved the prophecy of these 'Digidestined', and Piedmon, another equal leader in Myotismon's army sought to destroy the Digiegs, Digivices, and crests that the Rebels created. "However, a young Digimon took the Digiegs and Digivices and escaped. Piedmon's troops were unable to find him." Myotismon smiled darkly. "I acquired that a Mekanorimon crashed far in a forest east from here. I believe that the Digimon is there. I require you to seek him and remove him permanently." Myotismon spoke the last word with a hissing sound.

Nightrianmon bowed, this time with a crooked smirk. _'I will not fail you, Brother.'_ She then stepped in the balcony, studying the wind. She turned to her master and merely asked, _'What is this Digimon's

name? '_

"Gennai."

Nodding in understanding, Nightrianmon spread her wings and soared in the night air. She will not fail him. She never did before. This time will be no different.

However, this time, she stopped in midair. She had sensed something. Someone was so unwisely snooping on her. She took a long gaze around the forest, the branches so thick with leaves that it seemed difficult to pass through. Yet, she saw someone in the branches. Small, but she could pick up the black feathers against the green and blue leaves. Folding her wings, she went into a swift dive toward the spot where she saw him.

She broke through the leaves, and received a yell of surprise from the intruder as she grabbed him. Floating in the branches, she grinned darkly, taking in details of her spy. When she saw who he was, she made a disgusted snort and let him go. _'Spying on me again, Demidevimon? '_

The black bat snarled at her, ruffling his feathers, his golden eyes glaring. "I wasn't spying. I was merely watching you without you knowing it." He then grinned with slyness.

Nightrianmon took a lounge on a branch that was thick enough to support her weight. She crossed her arms, glaring at Demidevimon, who perched upon a higher branch. Two pairs of dark golden eyes studied each other with suspicion.

_ 'Why are you doing this for? Myotismon doesn't trust me? '_
Nightrianmon said, couldn't imagine why her master would doubt her. She never failed him at all.

Demidevimon folded his wings and shrugged. He was still grinning. "Myotismon has his own reasons."

Nightrianmon refused to believe him. She learned not to believe that lying flying rat. _ 'You are jealous.' _

Demidevimon flushed red with anger, and hissed, "Keep on that, and I will see that you will bow to me!"

Nightrianmon boomed out an amused laugh, and then abruptly grabbed the bat by his wing, making him yelling in anger. She pulled him close to her, her golden eyes glaring deeply in his fearful eyes. Cowardly, as usual. She would not waste her own energy on him. She made an annoyed sigh and shoved him aside. _ 'Stay out of my way, pest, or I will report this to Myotismon immediately.' _ She knew Demidevimon was afraid of him as he was afraid of her and would not dare to provoke his hot temper. Or hers.

Demidevimon managed to make a weak snarl at her, and then flew out of her sight toward Myotismon's castle. She knew he will not spy on her again, at least for a while. She watched the lightening sky, however, making sure that he was gone for sure.

Spreading her wings, she hovered downward through the branches to the ground. She could hear shifts of small animals running away in the bushes. She wrapped her cloak around her, and rested her wings around her shoulders like a second cloak. She walked through the bushes, her golden eyes searching for any evidence of a broken Mekanorimon or that rebellious Gennai. After a long, unpleasant meantime, she finally caught a glimpse of something shiny in the bushes. Moving closer, she saw that the shine came from a Mekanorimon reflecting in the dawn. It was lying on its side, scratched and stained by branches and dirt. She could see a long streak in the ground where the Mekanorimon skid on the ground into a stop.

She reached to remove leaves that were stuck in some cracks. She noticed that the huge blue dome on the top was ajar, also broken, the blue glass laying near in the bushes. And she could see a hand laying out of it, limply, badly scratched. She sneered. Gennai, unconscious. It would make her job much easier. Although she thought it was ridiculous to attack a weak, unarmed Digimon, she would not make any chances. She held on the grooves and heaved on them to crack open, careful of the sharp edges.

She reached inside and placed her hands under the Digimon's arm. She pulled him out. By the Digi, he was light! His head was lolling in motion as she laid him on the ground. She knelt beside, curious as she studied the Digimon's face. His face was smooth, free of wrinkles. There was a scratch on his cheek and right temple. The bleeding had stopped, however. His short hair was light brown, long strands binding into a tiny ponytail at the back of his neck. He was clad in a tan-white robe with black and brown lining. He was young, handsome, and foolish. He was one of the rare Digimon that were more human. They were the only ones who had no expression 'mon' to their names that were customary to other Digimon. They had a name that the other Digimon knew by. 'Unmons.'

She gazed down to his other hand and saw that he had a long sword in it. Holding it. Firmly. Ready.

Nightrianmon barely ducked before the sword soared through the air where her head was used to be. She jumped back to her feet, her hood somehow sliding off to reveal long hair of silver with two golden horns slanting forward from her head. She crouched into a fighting position as Gennai leaped back to his feet, gripping the sword adeptly in front of her, his bright blue eyes narrowed in caution. He was panting in agony.

"Who are you?" he was speaking. His voice was deep, yet full with pain.

'I am Nightrianmon. And you are in deep trouble, interrupting with Myotismon's plan,' she spoke, standing up, gazing at the sword with scorn. Unmons were so weak that they have to rely on weapons. Pathetic.

"Nightrianmon . . ." Gennai murmured, tasting the name, and then nodded. "Yes, Myotismon's slave. I heard of you."

'I am flattered,' she said with sarcasm. Then she saw a faint glow coming from his chest, faintly humming. She recognized the hum. Gennai must know what was happening because his eyes widened in alarmed surprise, his hand flying to clutch on his

chest.

Nightrianmon grinned with dark delight. A crest! Myotismon would reward her greatly for a crest! As a purple and silver flash, she headed for him, knocking him back to the ground. As Gennai weakly struggled, Nightrianmon grabbed on the necklace and took a gaze on the crest. It was silver, so alike to her hair. It had a symbol of a rainbow with a spiral at an end. Then it brightened with blind radiance. It stabbed pain in her eyes, and she let go Gennai, rubbing her eyes.

When the pain and blindness faded, she quickly tensed, waiting for his attack. To her disbelief, he didn't. She saw him standing a few feet away, his hand clutching on the faintly glowing crest, his other hand holding on his sword. His blue eyes were deep in puzzled doubt.

'Well, what are you waiting for, Unmon? Are you going to strike me while I'm down?' she murmured with a defenseless, coy smile, hoping that he would drop his guard so she would attack him.

Gennai narrowed his eyes at her, and then sheathed his sword. "I'm not fighting you, Nightrianmon." He turned to walk away, his hand holding the side of his head.

'Oooo, last mistake you made, Unmon,' she hissed, standing up.

The Unmon turned to her, scowling. "My name is Gennai."

'I know who you are,' Nightrianmon said, her silver hair swaying past her face. _'You are the Unmon who took the Digiegs and Digivices away from Piedmon. I demand for whereabouts you hid them._' Gennai took his time to be quiet, his eyes turned to stare somewhere else. Nightrianmon narrowed her eyes in disgust. _'You are so cowardly, Gennai Unmon._'

Gennai made a sad sigh - oh, how repulsive! - and gazed over to her with the soft blue eyes. "I would like to fight you, but unfortunately, I cannot. Not when the Crest of Empathy chose you."

Nightrianmon arched a thin silver eyebrow at him. _'Crest of Empathy? Chose me?_'

Gennai was still silent, uncertain, and then a booming sound answered her question. The Digimon and Unmon tensed, whirled to the sound. It was coming from their left. Coming closer at a faster rate than they thought.

"We need to get out of here," Gennai said, backing.

'We?' Nightrianmon glared at him. _'There are no we here._'

Gennai again eyed her with that puzzled doubt, as if he wasn't sure about her for something. And she didn't like that look. But they had no time to react to each other. Abruptly, a huge beast burst in, roaring at them. It was the territorial Linerimon, who tends to destroy any ill-fated intruder in his territory. Gennai and Nightrianmon were the ones.

Nightrianmon quickly took to the air, barely missing the swipe the Linerimon caused, severing few trees into countless splinters. Gennai leaped to one side, hiding behind a tree. She could hear his breaths, heavy and panting. Myotismon ordered her to destroy him, but not when a Linerimon was in her way.

_ 'Star Twist!' _ White stars leaped off from her cloak and spun toward the large red bear-like Digimon. To her disbelief, the Linerimon's fur was too thick to allow the stars to do their damage. The stars returned to her cloak, and the Linerimon turned its dark blue eyes toward the small Digimon.

Nightrianmon caught a glimpse of a blur of tan, and saw Gennai running toward Linerimon, his steps silent through the bushes. She made a mistake. She had dropped her guard. She quickly tensed when she saw the Linerimon's huge claw coming for her, preparing to whack her. It was successful. The claw caught her in her stomach, and smacked her into a tree. Nightrianmon felt burning pain clawing on her back where she collided with the tree. She groaned weakly, feeling her consciousness creeping away.

Then the Linerimon made a raged roar, and its attention turned from her to its side. Between the white stars, Nightrianmon saw the Unmon stepping back, his eyes hard at the bear. The sword was gone. Then she saw a silver flash. There was the sword, stabbed in the Linerimon's side. The Linerimon was roaring in pain, but she noticed that its strength was draining. _It was dying because of a ridiculous knife plunged in its side?!_ _Oh, what a joy!_ Nightrianmon thought with bitterness before lost her consciousness.

She opened her eyes from unconsciousness to see the bright blue eyes gazing back, the glint of puzzlement with satisfaction sparkling. She shut her eyes tight and turned her head away. Moving her head brought in pain, and she waited agonizingly for the pain to disappear

"I think you are all right for now," came in the gentle male voice.

Nightrianmon allowed a distrustful scowl to appear on her smooth face. _ 'Are you going to kill me, Unmon?' _

The voice seemed to chuckle, and she urged to strangle his neck with her bare hands. Again, pain came in. The voice answered back as she struggled with the pain. "I told you. You are already chosen, so I'm not fighting you for any reason."

Nightrianmon finally opened her golden eyes and saw Gennai sitting beside her, cross-legged, his eyes hooded as if in a half-sleep or something. She found that she was in a cave, perhaps, and she was laying on her back.

_ 'What do you mean, I am chosen?' _ Nightrianmon asked. She rarely asked questions; Myotismon made her to pause asking as if she would doubt his intelligence. But she allowed her strong curiosity to take over. And soon when Gennai warmed up to her, she shall kill him.

Gennai appeared distrustful at her, as if he knew what she was

thinking. He fingered the edge of his sword, which was free of the Linerimon and cleansed of blood. "I'm uncertain. The crest chose you for some reason. Why would it choose a dark Digimon for a Digidestined?"

The word woke her to the fullest. Digidestined? So . . . _'What are you talking about?'

Instead, Gennai leaned over and stared deep in her eyes. She suddenly was powerless under the sharp blue eyes, and she didn't like the feeling. Somehow, the eyes held her down, allowing them to read her soul inside and outside. After a moment, Gennai broke the gaze and shook his head, still uncertain. Nightrianmon narrowed her eyes at him cautiously.

Gennai gazed over to her and said softly, "I noticed that you aren't happy."

Nightrianmon made a hissing sound. _'Did I give you permission that you can read my soul?'

He didn't answer about this, of course. "Are you happy with Myotismon?"

Nightrianmon refused to answer, yet she did answer with a sneer on her lips. _Go ahead, you foolish Unmon. Talk. Soon, you will die talking._

Gennai continued to talk. "I noticed that you were alone a long time ago. As an Iyumon. You had no goal to live for. You felt like you had been waiting for something or someone." Nightrianmon urged to keep the look of surprise off her face. Blasted that Unmon! How did he know?! The Unmon kept on talking, "You aren't happy, even with your loyalty to Myotismon. It's kind of obvious, since the crest chose only you. You are the one she was searching for."

That does it! Nightrianmon growled and headed for him. Gennai agilely leaped out of the way as sharp agony bit in her head. She groaned, leaning over, holding her head in her hands. When it was gone, she glared through her silver hair toward to Gennai. He was standing, his sword low in his hand, the bright blue eyes twinkling.

She sat up, brushing back her hair from her face, and cocked her head in caution at the Unmon. _'Tell me more, Gennai Unmon.'

Gennai appeared fearless as he knelt right in front of her. She made no move. She was suddenly unsure about herself, wanting to know about more. What did he mean by chosen and Digidestined? He continued, "Nightrianmon, you are chosen to guard one of the Digidestined."

She arched her eyebrow and chuckled. _'Boy, it's just a legend.'_ Gennai made a small smile. Not mocking like Myotismon, but gentle and kind. She never seen this kind of smile before, and it suddenly warmed her heart. She now was uneasy about him. She gazed up to him. _'Why did you save me? I was commanded to destroy you.'

"So, I noticed," Gennai said softly. "Then why didn't you destroy me then?"

Nightrianmon was unmoving. _'You . . . the crest . . . a Digidestined . . . You said that I'm not happy at all. You are right. I had been waiting for something. Someone, I think.'_

"What makes me think that you aren't really lying?"

_ 'Well, you read my soul, didn't you?' _

Gennai said nothing for a moment, his blue eyes again hooded. Finally, he spoke, "Nightrianmon, did you ever feel the barest tinge of guilt after what you had done?" When she didn't spoke, he tried again. "You said that you are unhappy with where you are now. Don't you feel guilty for what you did to your victims if this's not what you aren't supposed to be?"

_ 'I don't know. Maybe I would be. Maybe not.' _

Gennai appeared unsatisfied, but he looked away. "I would think the crest made a mistake to choose you, but maybe it has a purpose that I don't know." he lowered his eyes for a moment, and then turned to her. "Think about it, Nightrianmon." He stood up and dusted himself. "I think you better go back to Myotismon."

Nightrianmon stood up, putting on her hood, carefully to allow her horns to slide through the two holes. _ 'You know that I would kill you in an instant.' _

Gennai paused at the entrance, and gazed over his shoulder at her. There was the gentle and kind smile on his lips. "Then why didn't you before?" He then stepped out.

Nightrianmon stood in the entrance of the cave, watching the Unmon walking downward. His robe swayed in the breeze. She watched him carefully, pondering his words. She then gazed up to the sky, which was deep blue, full of white clouds. That was the first time she enjoyed the sight. Annoyed at her being soft, she spread her wings and took to the air, heading for the dark castle. Although she didn't see him, she would bet that Gennai was watching her, too.

She arrived to her balcony, fearing to face Myotismon. During her journey, she was pondering the Unmon's words a lot. Her conscience was now split in half, her loyalty to Myotismon and her desire to have a goal to guard a Digidestined. She was really confused, and she wasn't ready to face her master. She didn't fulfill her duty. Myotismon will punish her deeply.

She pushed apart the doors to her chamber and gasped. Myotismon was in her chamber! Standing beside her bed, his ice-blue eyes cold in the darkness. Emotionless. When he was like that, she knew she was in trouble. She quickly knelt down and bowed deeply. She stayed there, listening to the coming footsteps. She heard a rustling of the cloak, and a hand grabbed on one of her horns. She harshly stood up by his hand pulling on her horn, and stared in the death cold eyes. Myotismon studied her carefully, the coldness shuddering through her body and soul.

"Have you accomplished your duty, Sister?" Myotismon softly spoke.

_ 'Yes, Master, ' _ Nightrianmon said without hesitation.

Myotismon threw her down to the ground. She came into a bowing position, but her golden eyes gazed upward to the vampire. Myotismon was shaking his head at her in disgust. "You lied to me, Nightrianmon. You let that Gennai live."

_ 'How would you know?' _ Nightrianmon murmured in wonder and then she remembered. Her lips twisted in scorn. _ 'Demidevimon. You sent him to spy on me!' _

"Yes, I did," Myotismon said, crossing his arms. "I suspect you for a long time. You seemed to have a change of heart."

Nightrianmon bowed her head. _ 'Will you punish me, Master?' _

Suddenly, a claw-like hand clasped on her jaw and jerked her eyes toward the sneering Myotismon. His talons grazed on her cheeks and chin, drawing a bit of blood. "Yes, you will be punished, but not now." He then let her go. She caressed her jaw gingerly as Myotismon backed away from her. "Right now, I have to train another rare Digimon I found in the forest nearby." He turned to smile haughtily. "She is Salamon. She will be valuable to me, like you were valuable to me."

Suddenly, Nightrianmon realized the truth about herself. She was unhappy at all, even with her loyalty to Myotismon. Then she noticed that the loyalty she had for him was false. She thought she was loyal to him, but precisely, she never was. She now had a goal, thanks to Gennai. She stood up and turned to face the window.

"What are you going to do, Sister?" Myotismon hissed from behind.

_ 'Leave here.' _ Nightrianmon glared over to him. _ 'This place and you have no meaning to me any longer. I am leaving here forever.' _

Myotismon laughed darkly, but this time she didn't cower from it. She kept on glaring with ascending anger. Myotismon moved closer. "You will never leave the darkness. It's already a part of you, Nightrianmon. You cannot escape."

_ 'See me escape,' _ Nightrianmon answered back. She spread her wings and soared up to the air.

"Crimson Lightning!"

Nightrianmon ducked in time as the blood-red lightning bolts burst in the air where she was moments earlier. She turned to see Myotismon gliding for her. He had this ireful, almost insane expression on his pale face. She was frightened that he will never let her go. She shot up before Myotismon clawed after her.

_ 'Twilight Moons!' _

Myotismon silently held up his hands, and the Twilight Moons paused in their soaring, disappearing as quick. He turned to Nightrianmon

and commanded on his Nightmare Claw. Nightrianmon quickly glowed with her Night Shield, and the Nightmare Claw vanished upon contact with the silver glow. She knew they were equal strength. One of them will not win. It was the fight to the death.

Gathering all her courage and strength, Nightrianmon folded her wings and dove swiftly toward the vampire. He was surprised at her sudden actions, and didn't have time to defend himself. With one strong swipe, Nightrianmon scraped on his pale face, drawing three long gashes across his face. Myotismon screamed with pained rage, covering his face. She floated away from him, seeing blood streaming from between his fingers.

Myotismon let go of his face, and she could see three gashes crossing his face, scraping across his eyes and nose. It was an ugly sight. He gazed at her for a moment, and grinned evilly. "You will come back. I guarantee it. And when you come back, I will kill you, Sister."

Nightrianmon scowled and turned to soar up in the sky, never looking back.

She had been flying nonstop. During her voyage, she was thinking strongly about Gennai's words. And more she thought about them, more she grew guilty about her evil demeanor. The guilt weighted on her so heavily that she felt suffocated under it. She had been crying, not bothering to wipe them away. She kept on flying, never noticing how exhausted she was. She didn't care. She just wished to leave this place, leave this guilt she had.

She had been flying over mountains, deserts, forests, lakes, and rivers. She forever flew without any rest. Now she was flying over a vast ocean. She felt her energy dwindling, but she fought to soar on. Soon, her tired eyes found a small island. An isolated island where she can hide from everybody, being alone. She was fated to be alone from birth, after all. She hovered down with an alarming rate, her energy nearly gone, until she crash-landed into a sizable jungle. She laid there, panting. She realized that if she was still Nightrianmon, she will remember everything about her life. She must dedigivolve. No Digimon had tried, but it was her only chance. She only hoped that she will never digivolve back to Nightrianmon.

She called on all her energy, and focused on the youngest stage she could think of. A golden glow surrounded her, and she felt her energy evaporating fast from her. She felt her body shifting, shrinking smaller and smaller. Then the process paused.

She opened her eyes and noticed that she was back to her baby stage. _By the Digi_, she thought weakly. If she summoned her energy any farther, she would dedigivolve into a Digiegg, or even worse, death. She was Lyalmon, a tiny, but fat white baby snake that looked more like a somewhat lengthy ball with huge purple eyes. She was so tired. She closed her eyes and went into a dreamless slumber.

After what seemed like moments, a voice called for her.

Lyalmon?

She didn't answer. The voice was in her dream, although she thought there was no dream. It sounded feminine, gentle, yet with an air of high authority.

"What do you want?" she spoke in her dream, hearing her tiny, squeaky voice.

Ah, Lyalmon. I have been waiting for you.

"Huh? What? Who are you?"

I am one of the Guardians of the Digital Worlds. I am what you call an Unmon.

"Unmon? I have enough Unmons to last in my life."

You remember Gennai?

"Remember him? I was supposed to destroy him some time ago! What does he have to do with this?"

Remember that he said that you are chosen to guard a Digidestined?

Silence.

You remember. Gennai had told me about you. You are rare because I had been searching for a right Digimon for a Digidestined. She is very different from the other Digidestined, and I chose you to guard her.

"Who is this Digidestined that is so 'different'?"

You will know soon.

"You said about the Digidestined. It's just a legend. Don't you believe that a bunch of _human adolescents_ will save us from the evil monsters?"

_I have seen the future. _

"Sure you did. Why have you chosen me this for? I was nothing but a meaningless Digimon who has no goal in her life."

_You have a goal now, and this is to guard her. _

"And if I refuse?"

Silence. Lyalmon could sense great sadness from the Unmon Guardian, surrounding her. "I didn't mean to say this. I'm so confused, that's all."

Lyalmon, do you seek a goal to fulfill your life?

"All my life, I have been searching for a goal. Yes, I did, and still do."

So you will accept this as a Digimon guardian to the Digidestined?

Silence. Then, "Yes. I accept this."

Good. I will leave a Digivice for you to guard. Give this to her when she arrive. Guard her with your life. Farewell, Lyalmon. You are lucky. Then the Unmon Guardian was gone from her dream.

Lyalmon opened her eyes, fully refreshed. She felt her energy coming back bit by bit, but she was still hungry. Then she saw something odd in front of her eyes. A big object. She stood up, ungainly balancing herself on her fat tail. The object was about 1/3 of her size, colored in blue with bizarre buttons. This must be the 'Digivice' this Unmon Guardian talked about. She sneaked closer to take a sniff at the object, when she heard laughing.

Laughing . . . she hadn't heard any form of laughing for a long time. Not the evil laughs she was used to. Laughs that warmed and lightened the dark atmosphere around her. Merry, happy laughs. They were coming from the bushes at her left. She slithered toward the bushes and peeked through.

She saw seven Digibabies like her, laughing as they played with their objects. The objects looked a lot like her Digivice. She recognized each of them. Botamon, Punimon, Nyokimon, Pabumon, Yuramon, Pitchmon, and Poyomon. Were they like her, waiting for someone? They have to be, judging from the Digivices. They must be Digimon guardians chosen by the Unmon Guardian to guard the Digidestined. Eight Digidestined? She thought there were more than eight.

Listening to their laughs, she wondered if she should come in and join them. After all, she was part of them. Or was she? She stayed back, uncertain. She will stay with them, but hidden. She needed time to accept the fact that she was one of the chosen.

Sunomon had been waiting for a long time.

From day one, Lyalmon had been following the seven Digibabies, kept herself hidden as she watched and learned about them. They never noticed her at all. She enjoyed their laughs, her heart becoming lighter than before. Then one day, they seemed to digivolve at the same time, Lyalmon with them. Lyalmon digivolved into Sunomon. She was a bit scared, because there were only three stages to digivolve to Nightrianmon. She would be happier to be Sunomon or Iyumon.

Then a day later, the Digivices had come back to life, soaring up in the air. Sunomon had a feeling that this was the time to meet up to the Digidestined she was chosen to guard. The other digichildren were feeling the same, their multicolored eyes gazing upward to the blue sky, patiently waiting.

Then she saw seven strange creatures falling from the sky, screaming like somewhat juveniles. Some how, Sunomon felt that the Digidestined she was waiting for wasn't here! The digichildren went to their Digidestined, laughing in excitement, glad that their waiting was finally over. As Sunomon wondered about this, the large group left,

running away from a new danger, a Kuwagamon. She didn't follow after them. Something inside her told her to wait. Her Digidestined will come.

And she did, finally, after a day! Just as the dawn came, Sunomon heard a soft crash from near her. She bounced over to where it was, and saw a similar creature to the other Digidestined laying on her stomach, her eyes closed. She was very strange, indeed. She was clothed in some kind of clothing that was similar to the higher Digimon's clothing, but different. Her lower body was in dark blue stiff pants as her upper body was clad in a blood-red shirt with a black stripe across. Her feet were in yellow boots with black soles. Her hands were in yellow gloves, too, and that reminded her of her own clothing as Nightrianmon . . . Her skin was tan, exposed to the sun much more than Sunomon was before. Her hair was deep black like the night, in many braids.

A name came to her mind, so clear, that she knew it long before she met her.

"Kim . . ." Sunomon grinned. She liked the name. She thought she would like her. "Hiya, Kim! Rise and shine!"

The eyelids finally opened, and remarkably soft brown eyes stared in her mischievous red eyes. Unlike the other Digidestined, she didn't scream. She was just laying there, gazing in shock, her eyes going wider. Sunomon giggled and bounced like a silly baby. She didn't care. She finally met her Digidestined, and she was so joyful!

The girl, Kim, sat up, looking around. Her voice was strangely outlandish as she said, "Where are my sunglasses?"

Sunomon cocked her head in puzzlement. "What's a 'sunglasses'?"

Kim gazed over to her in silence and somewhat hesitantly answered, "Uh, they are red with black glass."

Sunomon bounced to where she thought this 'sunglasses' were and saw a weird thingamajig. It looked like what Kim had described. She took the thingamajig in her mouth and bounced back to Kim. She was picking up a small-looking red bag and peeked inside, her eyes worried. Kim looked down to her and grinned, taking the thingamajig. She putted it on the top of her head. A weird way to wear it, but Sunomon shrugged.

"Thank you. . ." Kim trailed off, now watching her with an odd expression. "Do you have a name?"

"I'm known as Sunomon!" she said with a cheerful voice.

"Sunomon . . ." Kim stood up and dusted herself. "How come you talk?"

Sunomon was now confused. "If you can talk, why can't I?"

"Good point." Kim placed the bag on her back, putting her arms through the black straps that held it up. She scanned around, obvious bewilderment in her eyes and face. "Where am I?" she whispered to herself.

Sunomon perked her long wavy ears and grinned. "Digiworld!"

Kim turned to her, again surprised. Boy, she gets surprised so easily! She knelt down and studied the digichild with curiosity. "And you are . . . ?"

"I am your guardian and friend."

"Hmm . . . So you know what to do now?"

Sunomon thought for a moment and remembered about the rest of the digichildren and Digidestined. "Yes! We need to find the others."

"The others?"

"There are more of me and more of you."

"You mean, there are kids like me?"

Sunomon nodded merrily. "Yeah! We need to find them soon!"

Kim slowly nodded and stood. Sunomon liked the faint smile on her lips right now. She followed the Digimon as they walked through the forest. Sunomon hoped that the rest weren't too far away for them to rejoin. Would they be surprised if they find out there is one more Digidestined, not seven! The duo continued on their way until they arrived to a beach. Sunomon got a surprise. She could smell the stench of the seven Digimon, along with the seven odd stench of the Digidestined. Then she saw broken metals poles and tan objects or something like that. And she could smell the stench of a dangerous Digimon.

Kim began to step onto the beach when a growl from Sunomon stopped her. She turned toward her. "What's the matter, Sunomon?"

Sunomon narrowed her eyes as she watched the beach. "I smell our friends, but there is something wrong. The beach looks like that someone had fought here. Look over there."

Kim did see the ruins from far. "Is that bad?"

"We have to be careful this time. The Digiworld isn't really safe."

Kim smiled down to her, her eyes sparkling. "Well, you're here to protect me, right?"

Sunomon grinned. "Right!" She bounced right up into Kim's arms. Kim seemed surprised, but hugged her warmly, perhaps liking her soft fur. Sunomon suddenly liked the hug. She never had any hugs before in her life, and she snuggled deeper in her child's arms.

With Sunomon in her arms, Kim walked down the beach toward the ruins. Soon, she saw what they were. Kim knelt beside them and putted down Sunomon. "They are telephone booths!" exclaimed Kim as she reached for a curved tan object, examining it carefully. Sunomon patiently watched her, and then she heard an odd noise. It sounded like something reeling rapidly through water.

"What's the matter now, Sunomon?" asked Kim, concern in her voice.

"Trouble."

Kim stood up, anxiously looking around as Sunomon's fur stood up in peril. Suddenly, a jet of blue water squirted from the ocean, and a huge Digimon with a pale blue-purple spiral shell on his back, crawled upon the beach.

Kim screamed in fear as Sunomon bared her fangs. "Run!" she hissed to Kim, and she obeyed as quick. She ran toward the jungle at the other side of the beach, Sunomon at her heels, bouncing as fast as she could. She could hear the prowling sounds of Shellmon gaining feet by the second.

Kim stumbled over a hidden rock and collapsed to the sand. Sunomon paused in her tracks and returned to her side, nudging her. She looked up at a growl and snarled back to the towering Shellmon. Suddenly, a golden glow surrounded her, and she digivolved.

Sunomon, digivolve into . . . Iyumon!

"Rainbow Disc!"

Kim looked up to see numerous discs the colors of a newborn rainbow emitting from between Iyumon's horns, soaring toward Shellmon. Iyumon aimed them well; they struck in Shellmon's eyes, blinding him. Iyumon then nudged Kim, encouraging her to stand up. She obeyed again, and together, they ran to the safety of the jungle.

Kim panted as she leaned against a tree, Iyumon eying the beach. Shellmon was gone, sneaked back to the safety of the sea. Iyumon snorted in distaste and went to her child's side. She was shivering in fright, her arms around her legs, her head buried by her arms.

"This place is too scary," Kim was saying, her voice muffled in her arms.

Iyumon nudged gently against her arms and said, "Don't worry, Kim. I'm here to protect you."

Kim gazed up to her. "You aren't Sunomon, are you?"

Iyumon shook her head. "No, I'm Iyumon now, but I am still the same inside."

Kim then smiled and wrapped her arms around Iyumon's neck, hugging her close. "Thank you, Iyumon! I hope we will be great friends." Iyumon made a pleasant sound as she fondled back. Kim then stood up, saying. "Well, off to find our friends!"

They had settled in a cave in the middle of the jungle, and they met up to the Digidestined and the Digimon Guardians. At first, Iyumon was very protective, didn't recognize the new Digimon and odd humans, and threatened them to leave, concerned about her child. Then she

felt ashamed when one of the boys called himself Tai hugged Kim, both old friends. Kim and Iyumon became companions to the groups. For a long time, they remained together, almost never fall apart. But then when Tai and his Digimon were sucked into another world, the group fell apart. Even Iyumon couldn't keep Kim under control when she began to hate, thanks to Serpenmon. To her misery to protect her, Iyumon digivolved into Nightrianmon.

At first, she was shocked, thought that she would never digivolve into the dark ultimate, but being psychic, she read Kim's mind. She saw the reason why she digivolved into Nightrianmon. Like her, Kim had a dark secret and never had told anybody. It wounded her child's heart for a long time. Perhaps that's why the Unmon Guardian chose her to guard her. So they both would realize their guilt and erase it away. Iyumon had learned to cleanse herself of her guilt, but Kim didn't. Iyumon tried to find a way to help her to realize her guilt, and then she found him. Joe. He was the one who possessed the Crest of Reliability. She would trust him to help Kim. But how?

Then it happened one night when Kim stayed over at Joe's house for the night. They went outside due to Kim's beeping Digivice to find the Ninth Child and met up with Myotismon. Iyumon digivolved into Nightrianmon and faced him. Worse as it could get, Joe and Gomamon now knew about her secret. Nightrianmon told of her secret, and then finally Kim agreed to tell Joe about her secret. The recovery relieved her so much, but she noticed that Kim grew more depressed after her talk with Joe. She realized that she should have told her best friend, Tai, who deserved to hear the truth. After her talk with Tai, Kim appeared so relieved. Iyumon was glad about it. Now they were free.

Then one night, Kim asked her more about her past life. It was painful to tell her, but Iyumon vowed never to keep any secret from her Digidestined and life-long companion, so she told everything about her chaotic voyages, her life with Myotismon, and the small yet fated talk with Gennai. After that, Kim seemed so empathic and gentle, and she gave her a long, compassionate embrace, promised her no matter what or why, she will be her friend now and forever.

Snuggling in her digi-sister's arms, Iyumon realized that in the first time in her life, she felt truly belonged.

NEVER THE END *^_^*

End
file.